THE

City and Country's CALAMITY:

OR,

Ninety-Nine PLAGUES

OF AN

Empty PURSE.

CONTAINING,

I. The Force of Woman's Magick: Or, The great Virtue of Hoop-Petticoats.

II. The Quaker's Feast: Or, The Yea and Nay Gossips.

To which is added,

Providence the best Friend to the Unfortunate.

Written by a Gentleman now in Necessity

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Key and Country's
CALAMITY:
Now Now PLAGUES
Empty PURSES.

THE *Ninety-Nine PLAGUES* OF AN Empty PURSE, &c.

OF late, we all participate, you know,
Of divers Plagues, for to increase our Woe,
Plagues of all Sorts now daily fly about,
Pamphlets from Presses daily make a rout,
Concerning many multitudes of Griefs
Call'd Plagues, but this Plague needs must be the chief,
To have no Money but an empty Purse.
I pray resolve me, what Plague can be worse?

For here I ſolemnly in brief declare,
If thou art Penny-leſs, and thy Pockets bare,
No Earthly Plague can be to thine compar'd:
For if *Pecunæ* once is from thee fled,
Her Abſence, worſe than Thunder, ſtrikes thee dead.
Firſt of thy Wants and Woes thou may'ſt complain
If thou wants Money, all will thee diſdain:
Next 'tis a Plague to ſee thy ſelf bereft
Of worldy Comforts, and have no Money left.
This want of Money has occaſion'd ſome
At *Ty*----*rn* to partake a wretched Doom;
To fill their Pockets they their Lives expoſe,
To purchaſe Meat and Drink, and gallant Cloaths,
For 'tis a Plague beyond what can be ſaid,
'Tis want of Money, makes a Man quite dead:
'Tis that bright Treaſure that ſtill rules the Roaſt,
And not to have it makes living Ghoſts.
Wants thou a Dinner, or with Thirſt art dry,
And haſt no Money, Cloathing for to buy,
Thy Plagues are manifold, none can deny.
Art thou of good Deſcent, or Noble Born,
With Pocket empty, thou'lt be held in ſcorn:
Art thou endow'd with all the Liberal Arts,
Yet being Poor, none ſhall regard thy Parts;
Nor all thy Rhetorick can no ways prevail
For to procure thee one poor Glaſs of Ale.

Art thou a *Solomon* in Wiſdom Wiſe,
Why poor Men's Wiſdom all the World deſpiſe.
Art thou in Youth and flouriſhing in prime,
Yet haſt none of that precious Metal fine,
Thou may'ſt go hang thy ſelf up for Paſtime:
For go to City, Coountry, Court or Towns,
Thy chiefeſt fare will prove but Frumps and Frowns.
Art thou an aged Man with Locks ſo white,
And wants this wordly God, this Metal bright,
Diſmal's the Days, and tedious thy Nights.
Art thou a Virgin Charming fair and Young,
Poſſeſs'd with Virtue, and a pleaſing Tongue.
Form'd to a Miracle, both chaſt and wiſe,
Nature's chief Handywork, hearts to ſurpriſe
Yet wanting Money Men will the reſt deſpiſe
Beauty nor Virtues are minded juſt no more,
Than an old Beldam ſitting at her Door.
What has ſhe Sirs? what Portion? that's the cry
If none, then ſhe may a Maiden die:
She knows her Doom, lead Apes, or Wed ſo poor,
That Plagues attend her to her dying hour.
Are not theſe Plagnes for Maidens to endure?
Be thou a Tipler or one that's call'd good Fellow,
Why then it's a Plague to have no white or yellow.
When other Blades draw out their ſhots to pay,
How thou muſt hang thy Ears and ſneak away,

And wanting *Guilt* to clear each *Landlord's Score*
Thou may'ſt in Priſon thy croſs *Fate* deplore,
And this thou'll find a Plague will grieve thee ſore
For if no Coin within the Pockets dwell,
When thou gets out again no Soul can tell;
Art thou a Spark that loveth *Venus* well,
And doth believe Town Ladies to excel
All other Females, ſince they pleaſe thy mind,
Yet haſt no Coin----- hark, Pimp, they'll ne'er prove kind
Art thou a Tradeſman, and thy Credit gone,
And Pockets empty, in vain thou may'ſt make moan.
Wants thou a Service, or a Lodging lack,
Haſt thou no Money, faith, thou may'ſt go pack,
With empty Belly, or with naked Back.
Haſt thou a Title good to an Eſtate,
And haſt no Money, 'faith, thou may'ſt long wait;
Upon thy Lawyer, till thou curſe thy Fate.
Weakneſs is weakneſs ſtill, and might is might
The Poor and Penyleſs muſt loſe their Right;
The reſt of Plagues are out of number quite.

THE

THE

Force of Womens Magick:

OR, THE

Great Virtue of Hoop'd Petticoats.

Written by a Coffee-Woman at *Charing-Cross*, for her Beau Cuſtomers.

POOR Beaus and Fops, your little Virtue arm,
The Women now are all reſolv'd to Charm,
And Conquer where their Beauty could not kill:
Prepare to Fight, for Blood they're bent to ſpill.
Small Rumps they've yet, but look beneath their Feet,
And ſee how Whale bone Hoops their Ancles greet:
Their Petticoats do now puff out ſo wide,
That without tearing Smocks they ſafe may ſtride,

And

And in thoſe Circles which ſurround their Th----hs
Such dang'rous, very dang'rous Magick lies,
That touch the Conj'ring Book which is above,
And ſoon you'll rally to the Fort of Love.
Before you can make your Miſtreſs yield,
You muſt be forc'd with Toil to win the Field,
By going nimbly over Hedge and Stile;
Thus had a Cully better go a Mile,
Go two about, than be confin'd to ſee
How hard his Task of mounting Guard will be:
For if in Paſſion he his Miſtreſs throws
Upon her Back, to kiſs her in her Cloaths,
Before he can reach half his Journeys end,
Or the top, where he would leap, aſcend
He nimbly muſt, like Boys at Fairs, run thro'
A Hoop, firſt here, and forwards too,
Or elſe in vain the Queſtion he may ask,
Of broaching pretty Madam's leaking Cask:
But if this Hooping Petticoats is made
A Faſhion, Whores may ſoon forſake their Trade,
For who will make a pleaſure of a Toil,
When one may eaſier plow a better Soil?
But hold, perhaps in wearing Hoops they mean
Only to hide what they wou'd not have ſeen;
For Petticoats puffing out above,
As well as underneath, a Female's Love

May sooner be obtain'd ; for here's their Aim,
Their hoop'd Devices nicely hides their Shame.
Thus where there was one Bastard got before
There'll now be ten for each will turn a Whore:
And for this good Contrivance, *Taylors*, we
Permit you to take Cabbage always free.

THE QUAKERS Feaſt,

OR, THE

YEA and NAY Goſſips.

AS there are wanton Lambs in all Flocks, ſo there are ſome waggiſh Sinners among the Saints. The Men and Women of the World call'd *Quakers*, are not ſo ſtrictly ty'd and bound with the Chains of Modeſty and Pure Sanctity, as the Wicked Sons of *Adam* have unjuſtly loaded them with; for they have their Clubs, Goſſipings, Friendly Societies, and Cabals, as well as the reſt of Mankind, as appears by the following, but brief Hiſtory.

At a certain private Earthly Tabernacle, near the Renowned *Bull and Mouth* in St. *Martins le Grand*,

a

a ſelect Company of the Sons and Daughters of the *Light* having now and then an Inclination to be in the *Dark* with ſome of their beloved Holy Siſters, hold an Aſſembly there three Nights in the Week, which they call a *Procuring C L U B* of Refreſhment; where none is admitted but he or ſhe that produces a Ticket ſign'd by the Governour of the Houſe, who having taken a kind of an Oath upon the laſt *Will* and *Teſtament* of *George Fox* inſtead of a Bible) that he will not diſcover or betray their Secrets; he takes a Liſt of their Names, and ſo gathers Contributions once a Week to ſupport the Charge of the SERAGLIO, where they enter with as much Gravity as Whores at a Chriſtning, and ſit as demure for near a quarter of an Hour, as they do at a *Silent MEETING.*

But no ſooner are the Carnal Windows ſhut, and all things ſecured from the Eyes of the Wicked, but the Quart Pot, and Brandy Bottle are placed at the upper end of the Table, as full of the good Creature as the ſaid Veſſels are able to Contain; at which time, by the Skilful Hand of one of the Brethren, a Bowl of Punch is prepar'd, when the Dry Friends of the Light, make themſelves as Wet within as they are Dark without; when after ſeveral cheripping Cups to waſh away the Filthineſs of the outward Man, the Steward of the Club makes his Speech to his Holy Siſters.

Friendly Sisters,

'WE are met together here, by the permission of 'the Spirit, in order to comfort the Flesh, 'which hath done too much Penance of all Conscience; 'PAUL, you know, dear Cousins, bid us Drink no 'longer Water, but use a little Wine for the Stomach 'sake; and my Beloved, I verily believe he meant Bran-'dy-Wine, for that is the best Cordial for the Stomach; 'besides he bid us Love and Cherish one another, and 'how can we do that without a Cup of the Creature? 'G---ds Lambs will play sometimes, nay, it is necessary 'they should, otherwise the Motions of the Spirit will 'sink, and the Light within would Decay and Vanish. 'I shall conclude with this Exhortation; hold your own, 'get what you can from others, Cheat the Wicked, out-'wit the Godly, Love your selves, and care for no Body.

The Steward having ended his Speech, both Male and Female not only renew their Drinking, but Something else, to the Satisfaction of them all; which being ended, the Stewatd dismisses the Assembly with this EPILOGUE.

DEAR Friends, as well in Petticoats as Britches,
Whose Charms sometimes both flesh and blood Be-
I hope you all have had your full Delight, (withes,
And reap'd the Joy and Pleasures of this Night;

Those

Thoſe Crumbs of Comfort from the purer Saint
Are ſuch Refreſhments which the Sinners want:
Our calm Enjoyments by the Light *comes in,*
But theirs proceed from Dark *polluted Sin.*
Our's pure, refin'd from Droſs and filthy Duſt,
Theirs are the Offspring of confuſed Luſt:
Thoſe wicked Varlets force their way by Oaths,
But we by Yea and Nay take up their Cloaths.
They Curſe and Swear, and ſometimes draw ther Swords,
But we like Lambs go to't, and make no Words.
Then pray be rul'd, ſince you are of my Flock,
And let no Knaves ſo much as touch your S---k.

THE

THE

Deceitfulneſs of human Friendſhip:

OR,

Providence the beſt Friend to the Unfortunate.

An ODE.

THE wretched Mortal who hath Senſe
To put his Truſt in Providence,
May hope to be reliev'd;
But he who fooliſhly depends
On old Acquaintance, call'd, his Friends,
Will ſurely be deceiv'd.

For mutual Int'reſt is the tye,
That makes vain Man on Man rely;
And he that once is low,
If he attempts to riſe will find,
'Tis in the Nature of Mankind,
To always keep him ſo.

Men

Men love to ſee another toſs'd,
By Fate, from Pillar unto Poſt,
'Till mis'rably undone;
That when reduc'd to ſtarving Shame,
They may aloud his Conduct blame,
And magnify their own.

I thought, long ſince, cries every Baſe
Cenſrious Slut, and Purſe-proud Aſs,
What all this huffing Pride
Would come to, for his Neighbours ſay,
He rather choſe to ſpend than pay,
Or elſe he was bely'd.

ſuch Calumnies as theſe, and worſe
The ſordid World will caſt in courſe
Upon the Wretch decay'd;
And tho' he's honeſt, if he ſtarves,
They'll all agree that he deſerves
To want his daily Bread.

But crowds of flatterers if you're Rich,
Will wait like Lacquies at your Breech
All hoping for a Boon:
But if you once miſtake your way
And backward fall into Decay,
You'll find your Levy flown.

Nay, even thoſe you have preferr'd,
And kept perhaps at bed and board,
Will to the World pretend, (In-

(Inſtead of owning Favours done,
Which help'd, perhaps your Ruin on)
That each have been your Friend.

Ever ſince ADAM firſt Rebel'd,
Ingratitude has been intail'd
On all his vicious Race;
No Man can boaſt a God-like mind,
From that infernal Droſs refin'd;
By Nature all are baſe.

The only real Difference is,
There are Degrees in Villanies;
But ſtill the very beſt
Of Men, if he'd but look at home,
Would be convinc'd, he is by ſome
Sly little Devil poſſeſt.

Only the bigger Knave than he,
Like greater Monſters in the Sea,
Will prey on him that's leſs;
And thoſe more honeſt than himſelf,
He'll over-reach, for ſake of Pelf,
And thus his Wrongs redreſs.

From Tyrants down to petty Knaves,
All have their bubbles, fools and ſlaves;
'Tis by Experience found:
For one Degree another rides,
And that, the next Degree beſtrides,
And thus the World goes round.

FINIS.